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Original.

UNIVERSALISM IN DEATH.

BY REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Among the many popular objections to the faith we profess, and in which we rejoice, is the common saying, "*It will do to live by, but it will not do to die by.*" Perhaps no remark is more frequently used than this, not only by the ignorant opposer of the truth, but by learned doctors of theology, to show that the sublime doctrine of *Universal Redemption* is not of God; that it is not what man needs in the time of bidding farewell to mortality and its changing scenes. And in order to sustain this unfounded charge, stories of death-bed renunciations have been manufactured and freely circulated; which, when traced back to fact, have been found to relate to persons who never believed the doctrine, or to end in tales which had not the least fact to commence with. So far is this so, that I have never yet known an instance of a well-instructed Universalist who faltered in faith in the trying hour of death. On the contrary, the thick darkness of the grave seems only to give greater brilliancy to the truth, which lights believers through the dreaded valley to that home where "*there shall be no more death.*"

The objection, however, notwithstanding these facts, is constantly urged by the opposers of divine truth, and undoubtedly has its effect upon the minds of the unreflecting, who take their opinions upon trust from their teachers. Yet this objection, if naturally thought of, will be seen to be perfectly unsound *in itself*, let it have whatever interpretation it may. It is said, that Universalism will answer to *live* with, but *not to die* with, because it will not give needed support. But it is evident, that a doctrine which is good as a guide to live well, is also capable of giving support in the hour of death. On the other hand, a doctrine which will not sustain one in the last struggle, is not fit for a guide in life. So that in this view of it, the objection is wrong, because founded upon wrong premises. If it be said, that by the doctrine being fit to live by, it is not intended that it is thus fit because it will make men virtuous, but because it will let them run on in sin without giving them any trouble, thus leaving them to enjoy all the *pleasures* of sin, until death comes with fears of endless wo, we answer, that if this be the meaning of the objection, it is a complete *falsity*, resting on old misrepresentation. For first, the doctrine, so far from denying punishment for sin, constantly affirms that there is no escape from the just retribution of transgression, and does assure sinners that they must experience constant trouble. And secondly, the idea of sin bringing present happiness, and of having no evil results until a future day of general judgment, is opposed by Scripture, by reason, and by experience, and, therefore, is not deserving of the least confidence. In fact, in every point of view, it will be seen that the objection was formed in folly and is sustained by blind prejudice.

We will not stop here, however. We will proceed farther with the objection, and strive to ascertain, why a belief in the impartial grace of God will not sustain one in death, if such be the fact. We choose to do this because it will be every way instructive and profitable.

Let us suppose an individual on his death bed, in the full possession of all his mental faculties, and with the undoubting belief, that he must depart out of life. It is clear that he needs something to sustain him; to enable him to meet death without a fear. What is that something? It is not enough, according to the objection, that he believes God is the gracious Father of the race—that Jesus is the Savior of the world—that there will be a resurrection of the dead and the reconciliation of all men—that punishment will assist in reforming sinners—and that partial evil will be swallowed up by endless good. He needs something besides all this, it is said. Well, what is it? This, and only this. He must believe that *somebody will endure endless agony*, and hence, that all men will not be saved. This is all that is desired, according to the objection—for if the belief of the ultimate salvation of all men will not sustain one in death, it must be the belief that all men will *not* be saved which will yield the needed support. But in what manner can such a terrific thought impart comfort to the departing soul? Will the conviction, that he, himself, must endure this fearful doom; that he must drop from life into increasing and never ending torments; give him calmness of soul, quietness of feeling? No one can suppose that it would have any other effect, than to fill him with indescribable horror. Well, will the idea of the endless wretchedness of some of his fellow-beings, among whom may be near relatives, impart the requisite resignation? Will the thought, that in the other world, he will witness the intense agony of myriads of his race, give balm to his soul? The spirit which could extract comfort from such a doctrine, must love suffering, must delight in witnessing agony, and, therefore, cannot claim to be a christian spirit? Hence, how could the individual, whom we supposed on his death-bed, find the least increase of his joy, by imbibing such a fearful thought? Impossible.

To render this fact clearer, let us apply our subject to another and a different scene. An individual sees fifty men fall into a river. Immediate means are put in requisition to save them from a watery grave, and with the prospect of complete success—means which are adequate to deliver every one. But this individual who is looking on, declares that the prospect of saving all, does not satisfy him—it is not what his soul craves. If he only can be convinced, that a few of the number will not be saved, but will be placed in such a situation as to always suffer the pains of drowning without being actually drowned, always drowning yet never drowned, this will complete his joy; this will give him perfect satisfaction. What would you think of such a man? Would you not say, that his feelings were perverted, were cruel; or else that he was insane? No person could come to any other conclusion, under such circumstances, than this, that the salvation of the whole number of men from drowning, would give the greatest amount of comfort and satisfaction—while, on the contrary, the loss of any of them, would create distress. And yet, people use an objection which is founded in the idea, that a belief in the endless suffering of myriads of the race, will impart more joy than the divine assurance, that God will deliver, thoroughly and forever, all men from sin and mortality, and that it will give more calmness, more strength, in the hour of death. As though the dying must believe in the perpetuity of agony, or else there is no balm for them; no true peace.

Now, it is evident to me, that such persons are very much mistaken—that no soul, possessed of even but a small portion of the spirit of Christ, has ever derived the least comfort from the contemplation of perpetuated agony, in the dying hour or any other hour. From the very nature of the case, it is impossible. When Mr. Saurin said of it: "I find in the thought a motal poison, which diffuses itself into every period of my life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgustful, and *life itself a cruel bitter*." Did it give him, righteous man as he was, the least comfort? When Dr. Payson, a believer of it, said: "All the atheistical, deistical, and heretical objections, which I meet with in books, are childish babblings, compared with those which Satan suggests, and which he urges upon the mind with a force which seems irresistible. Yet I am often obliged to write sermons, and to preach, when these objections beat upon me like a whirlwind, and almost distract me." Did it yield him confidence and peace, though a righteous man? When Dr. Barnes said: "When I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger, and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark, dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it." Did it impart sacred joy to his soul? In the funeral discourse pronounced sometime since, over the remains of Dr. Austin, an Orthodox Clergyman of a town in Connecticut, it was said: "But for the last three or four years, a thick and dark cloud has hung over the course, and enveloped in dismay the mind of our revered friend. He lost nearly all hope of his own reconciliation to God and interest in the Redeemer. He sunk into settled, deep religious melancholy, which occasionally appeared in paroxysms of despair and horror. His bitter moanings were, at times, sufficient to wring with sympathetic anguish the most unfeeling heart." Did it give him peace in death? It is said of the gifted Cowper: "That the terror of eternal judgment overpowered and actually disorded his faculties; and he remained seven months in a continual expectation of being instantly plunged into eternal misery." Did it give him joy? What a fearful catalogue we should furnish, were we to give all the instances at our command, of individuals who became insane under its fearful influences, many of whom, unable to bear its horrors, committed suicide. I ask, what power did all these persons gain from the opinion under consideration, which could give them superior comfort in the dying hour? Can you discover any thing here, calculated to give the soul the least additional strength to depart out of life with fortitude? It is beyond all reason to say so. On the contrary, it is full of horror, and can turn the serenest death-bed scene into gloomy mourning, by a believing consideration of it.

I have dwelt thus long upon the negative side of the subject, for the simple reason, that while it is said *Universalism will not do to die by*, I wished to ascertain what there is in limited salvation, which renders it so superior to the faith we cherish for the dying hour. Have you seen any superiority? I have found only a superiority of horror.

But the inquiry will be urged upon my notice, "How do you account for the fact that so many, who profess to believe this doctrine, die in peace, in resignation, and in joy?" We answer; that their joy and peace do not flow from a contemplation of endless woe, we have already shown. Such a result is impossible. Then they must come from an entirely different source. This is the truth. They obtain joy and peace, by thinking of what the Redeemer has done for them—by resting in the assurance of their own salvation, and the salvation of their own families and friends; for in almost all such cases, it will be found, that faith is cherished in regard to the safety of all who are beloved by them. Hence, they either do not realize the doctrine of endless woe or do not think of it. Their thoughts are fixed on the pleasanter theme of personal redemption—of the joyful fact that they shall enjoy the presence of God and the Lamb and of the sublime destiny of infinite existence. These thoughts form the power which enables them to die calmly and with sacred resignation. This is evident from the fact, that if they place their minds upon the subject of endless woe, and think of the danger of those whom they leave behind, their calmness and joy vanish at once, and they become exercised with restless anxiety.

The source of their comfort is an element of that truth which, when developed in all its strength, forms the doctrine of Universalism. That element is *the work of salvation*, which they apply to *their own cases*, and which we apply to *the wanting race* of Adam. This will be seen in the progress of the subject.

The objection affirms, that "*Universalism will do to live by.*" We fully concur in this statement. It will answer as the rule of life, either for nations or individuals, and for every department of existence. It teaches rulers to regard the rights and happiness of all, because God regards all as his children. It has the right principle upon which to found all criminal legislation, because it teaches that all punishment should aim to produce reformation. It teaches men to love and to do good to each other, because God loves all men, and they should imitate him. And it teaches men to be virtuous because virtue is the cause of real happiness. In these and in all respects, the faith we cherish is the very thing for a present living guide. And, as the most blessed favor men can have, my own hearty prayer is, that all might live up to the standard of purity which it presents.

"*But it will not do to die by.*" Yet it would be a strange circumstance, if, answering in all respects as a guide in *life*, it should so completely fail as a support in *death*, and leave the soul without a friend. What do we need to enable us to meet death with courage and resignation? We do not now refer to a *virtuous condition of the soul*, as a necessary preparation for a triumphant death—because, no matter what system of faith may be true, no enjoyment can be derived from it, without a sense of reconciliation to God. This is not the question. It is this; what points of faith does the virtuous man need, to enable him to die in hope and rejoicing; and does Universalism contain those needed points? A brief consideration will decide the subject satisfactorily.

If an individual believes that God is a Being of Love—that his attributes are so many modifications of that Love, all aiming for the good of the race—that God is neither vindictive nor revengeful—that his government is founded in benevolence, carried on in wisdom, power and justice, and will be consummated in infinite kindness—and that God regards all his children with parental care, and suffers no evil to exist as an ultimate end, but rather as a means subserving a good end. If he firmly believes that Jesus is the Son of God, raised up for a special purpose, and endowed with miraculous power, to reveal divine truth to the world, and to settle thrilling questions which man cannot settle—that death is not the conclusion of human mind, and that all souls shall have a resurrection to immortality—and that Jesus will ultimately reconcile the world to God, and having subdued all enemies to his rule and reign, will give up the kingdom to God the Father, that he may be all in all. If he clearly sees that all punishment has a good object in view—that it is intended to produce reformation—that the period will arrive when partial evil shall disappear before infinite and endless good—and that, then there shall be no more evil. If, in receiving these points of faith, he sees, not only the forgiveness and salvation of all sinners, but also, the truth of the absolute union of all friends, and the wiping away of every tear, the finish of all sin, the swallowing up of death in victory and immortality. Then he will have the highest and best of all views to prepare him for death and to elevate his soul above fear, as he loosens his hold upon life. For, with the love of God, the blood of the Savior, the hope of

resurrection and salvation of the world, and the nfidence of meeting loved ones in a future life, what re could he have to enable him to die in peace and ? And yet, these sublimest of all possible prepara- ns for death, are the great cardinal principles of Uni- rsalism; the prominent traits of its glorious and di- ne teachings, and the spirit and confidence which they pire, correspond with the nature of the principles emselves. And, unless it can be proved, that doubt d fear can produce calmness and trust, it will be found t the faith we cherish, is exactly what one needs to epare him for a glorious battle with death. This is dent, not only from the character of the faith itself, t from the results of its direct action.

Take some instances of that action. Simeon, the aged rvant of God, entered the temple at Jerusalem, and taking Jesus into his arms, was so rejoiced, that he t as though he had seen enough in this world, and was erefore ready to die. Now, what was there about the vior which thus raised him above all fear? It was cause he saw with prophetic vision, that Jesus was SALVATION," the *light* of the Gentiles and the *glory* of rael. He looked into the future and beheld the Redeem- saving the world. And that glorious scene so exer- ed him with joy, that his cup was full with the spirit ich enabled a patriarch to say in peace, "*let me die.*"

The Apostles Paul and Peter show by their writings, at they believe Jesus to be "*the Savior of the world,*" whose blood the world was to be reconciled to God. d yet, though they knew that the sun of their lives as to go down in persecution and blood, they evinced fear of that doom, but, as is proved by the written pressions which they have left behind them, they look- forward to it with that triumphant calmness which is ne inspired by undoubting confidence in the triumph the Savior's mission into the world of mind.

The celebrated Origen, one of the most splendid lights hich illuminated the early ages of the Christian Church as firm in his faith of the world's salvation. And all rough the horrors of a terrible persecution which he dured, even to his death, he remained unwavering in s belief, and changed not his confidence in the least de- ree.

When Murray, after enduring years of suffering and in, approached the time of his departure—when ath stared him in the face—when he felt that there was possibility of longer life—yet he met death with re- icing; and fell asleep in the hope of meeting the re- emed world.

Scores of instances are treasured up in the experience my ministry. I have seen persons of all ages, from outh upwards, depart from life. I have seen them per- ctly calm and heard them rejoice, even when limbs and erves were quivering with intense agony. And I have eard them as repeatedly, in their last hours, declare eir unwavering confidence in the final salvation of the orld, and die as quietly as the setting sun disappears. hey evinced the same spirit which made the Psalmist tter the beautiful thoughts: "The Lord is my shep- rd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in reen pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. e restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of ghteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk rough the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no vil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they mfort me." Psalms xxiii: 1—4.

These then are real testimonies. No sophistry can ide them. They are so many memorials of the truth at the Restitution is the doctrine in which alone can be ound perfect resignation in death—the only doctrine hich gives reality to the statement, "*Death, the last nemy, shall be destroyed.*" They are beacon-lights, hich show the sublime power of a faith, which made tephen so Godlike in his death.

From all these considerations it is evident that Univer- alism is not only a guide in life, but a sure support in death. And hence, the objection that "*it will not do to die by,*" falls to the ground without power or truth.

Rochester, N. Y.

Original.

SONG.

The moon is dancing on the wave,
Her beams were ne'r sae bright,
The dew the blae-bell's cup doth l ve,
And stars shine o'er the night;
Wi' sweets the cooling winds do blaw,
Frae the deep, rolling sea;
I love them, but for more than a'
I love thy soft blue e'e.

Oh! why art thou sae far awa'
And I sae lonely here?
My heart is sair, my comfort a'
Is gone wi' thee my dear.
Why canna hearts that love sae well,
Go through the world thegither,
Since we've sae little time to dwell
On this side of anither.

REDELIA.

Original.

UNIVERSALISM THE SAFE SIDE.

BY REV. S. J. HILLYER.

The Gospel is a system of religion adapted to the con dition and wants of man. And one of its most promi- nent features is its impartiality; for it originated in in- finite love, and was framed by that wisdom which is with- out partiality. It directs us to God, the Universal Fa- ther, and to Jesus the Savior of the world, and to Heav- en the final and immortal home of the great family of mankind. And while it attaches due importance to works, repentance, faith, hope and charity, it rests the final des- tiny of man upon divine grace. The foundation which is laid for one, is wisely and surely laid for all; there- fore, on Gospel promises all exclusiveness is discoun- tenanced. None in view of the divine impartiality, can claim the blessings of the immortal world, on the ground of grace, to the exclusion of others; for that grace which can save one sinner, can another; yea, all.

Every system of religion which makes an eternal di- vision in the human family, either attributes partiality to the divine Giver, or denies that salvation is purely of grace. For if it is wholly through grace, and God is impartial, all will ultimately feel the power and be the recipients of the divine favor. If human merit is left out of the question, no man can find a valid foundation for himself, which will not answer equally as well for his neighbors.

But there is so much vain pride and selfishness in the human heart, and such an eagerness for exclusive privi- leges, that the distinguishing feature of the Gospel has been rejected, and salvation purely by grace virtually de- nied; and systems have been fabricated, and widely spread, which make the eternal destiny of man depend upon some act or acquirement of his own. It is ques- tionable whether the immortal joys of heaven would ev- er have been monopolized, or an endless exclusion from them ever thought of, had no vain pride and unjustifiable selfishness found their way into the human heart. The spirit which prompted one of old to say, "stand by thy- self, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou," was not inactive when that system of religion was de- vised which limits final happiness to a part of our race, but probably gave the first suggestion of an eternal di- vision. Christian humility should lead man to lay at the foot of the cross, and look to the Savior of the world,

and through him to the infinite Father, for an inheritance fadeless, and a life immortal. But instead of this, too many are attempting to scale the walls of heaven by a ladder of their own constructing, excluding in their denunciations, all who do not approve of their way.

Every system which virtually denies that salvation is purely of grace, has its conditions; and these are so construed as to make the everlasting weal or woe of mankind turn on the fickle hinge of chance. But the believers in the fulness of the Gospel, resting their everlasting all upon divine grace, stand on a foundation as immoveable as the pillars that uphold the universe. And yet, as absurd as it may appear, these are regarded by many, as candidates to an endless exile from heaven. And why? It cannot be for the want of a foundation upon which to stand; for that is laid by unerring wisdom, and sustained by Almighty power, and is as broad as Infinite Love. But suppose we leave this common ground out of the question, and go upon conditions; our chance of salvation is as good, to say the least, as that of others.

Faith is regarded as one of the most essential conditions of salvation. That christian faith is attended with important and happy consequences, none who have felt and enjoyed them will deny. But that the realities in the immortal world depend upon the circumstances of their being believed here; or, in other words, that the promises revealed through the Gospel are forever untruths, unless believed, is certainly irrational. But granting that eternal happiness is made to turn upon the condition of faith, I ask, have we not as fair a prospect before us as others? Do they believe in God? So do we, and in all his perfections. Do they believe in Christ the Savior? So do we, and farther; we believe him to be what the Gospel represents him, "the Savior of the world." Do they believe in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as a special and sufficient revelation from God to man? So do we. Do they believe in a heaven of immortal purity and happiness for a part of our race? So do we believe in the same heaven, with this important difference; it is much larger, and is to be the final home of all the offspring of God. In short, we profess to believe all the truths of Christianity; the doctrine of man's accountability, rewards and punishments, the forgiveness of sins, repentance, the divine Unity, the Sonship of the Messiah, the resurrection of the dead, and the at-one-ment or reconciliation of the world. The truth is, we cannot justly be accused of believing too little; for we believe more than others. I do not recollect an instance recorded in the Scriptures, of persons being censured for having too much faith. Stephen and Barnabas were said to be *full* of faith. The divine Teacher never found fault with his followers for having too large a faith, but he was heard to say, "O ye of little faith." Grant then that eternal salvation is of faith; have we not as fair a prospect before us as those whose faith is narrower. Or will that God who created us, has taught us to call him our Father, exclude us eternally from his favor, for believing him infinitely and unchangeably good? But suppose we are mistaken on this point; that we entertain higher views of the divine goodness than we should, (and this is certainly impossible; for none can think too well of God;) but grant that we are mistaken; is there an error in the universe that a benevolent Being would be more likely to treat with lenity than this? And if it be an error to think too well of my Creator and Father, let me be guilty of it, rather than of the opposite.

There are but few, if any, who are willing, in plain terms, to make works a condition of salvation. That works are good and profitable unto men, no Christian can deny. And that they receive an adequate reward, is found to be matter of fact, by all who practise them. But the enlightened, though humble Christian, is enabled to see that their value would need to be infinitely increased in order to merit unending beatitude. That man is ignorant of himself, and unmindful of the numerous blessings from God, of which he is the daily recipient, who expects to be rewarded in the immortal state with endless happiness for his deeds of goodness here. It would become him to repent of his vanity, manifest more gratitude to God for favors already received, and place greater reliance upon the divine grace for future blessing. But suppose we grant that eternal happiness in heaven depends upon our works here; will this condition place us far behind our neighbors? I do not intend to turn Pharisee, and thank God that we are not like other men, and boast of our works of righteousness. We, in common with our fellow-beings, have failings, and come far short of our duty; and each may with propriety say "God be merciful to me a sinner." And yet, unless I am greatly deceived, as a denomination, we are not behind others in the practice of good works. And if this be the criterion upon which is to turn our everlasting destiny, we are as safe as others.

Another condition commonly urged, is, unless we obtain a hope while in this world, we can never be happy hereafter. No follower of the Savior will speak lightly of Christian hope, for it is as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. But true hope cannot rationally exist without there being a previous foundation upon which to rest. The anchor is useless to the vessel unless there is something to which it can fasten itself. And in order to have its designed effect, it must lay hold of that which is separate from, and independent of, the vessel. So with christian hope. It has a foundation. It is not anchored upon the merits of the frail being who cherishes it, but upon the immutable perfections of God. And I ask, what people have a firmer, broader, or more joyous hope than the believers in a world's salvation? The heaven-taught Paul cherished this hope. He had hope toward God that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust." Hope is comprised of desire and expectation. His hope embraced all mankind, the dead, the just and the unjust. But here we must be careful not to do the Apostle the great injustice of supposing him so malevolent as to desire God to raise some in the character of the unjust to suffer eternally. He hoped that the dead would be raised, as in another place he describes them, immortal, incorruptible, in power, in glory and in the heavenly image. And this hope is ours; and is there a better? So we are as safe on the ground of hope as others.

If faith, hope and works are conditions of immortal happiness, I am quite confident that charity is another; for the Scriptures regard charity, or love, as the highest and most important trait in the Christian character. And if there is any one characteristic in man that is meritorious, and which shall give him admittance to the kingdom above, and the want of it here, forever exclude him hereafter, it is this. And although the inhabitants of heaven will unquestionably possess and practice perfect love, yet charity itself forbids our saying that all who do not exercise it in time will be excluded from its practice and enjoyment in eternity. For such a criterion would be hazardous to the immortal weal of many who claim to be master-spirits in the christian world. But, even admitting that charity is a condition on which will turn man's eternal destiny, who have a fairer claim, on heaven and its joys, than true Universalists? For if they have not a higher, purer, and more enlarged charity than others, they, of all beings, are the most inconsistent with their profession. While others go for a monopoly of all the blessings in the upper world, our faith hope and charity are for them as well as ourselves. We claim no privileges on immortality's happy shore, that we are not willing to share with our brethren of the human family; and if we err it is on the side of charity. But I would ask, is there no want of charity in denouncing a fellow being as a candidate to a state of eternal sin and suffering? Reader should you say to your neighbor, who is nothing but a mere moralist, that he deserves to be confined in the State Prison for life, he would stare you in the face with

nder, and demand your meaning. But you may tell s same moralist that he deserves to be confined for a g eternity in a prison of darkness, infamy and woe, and perverted is the human understanding on the subject religion, that he will take it in good part and suspect want of charity. Yea, he will pay liberally the man, o, week after week, will represent him as deserving everlasting imprisonment, when he would prosecute a base slanderer him who should charge him with an deserving a temporary confinement. When will n be consistent?

We come then to the conclusion that whether our im-rtal destiny rests upon the sure foundation of divine l impartial grace; or, whether it is made to turn up-the foregoing conditions, Universalists who have a ger faith, a broader hope, and a more expanded char-t than others, and as good works, are equally safe, to the least, with their neighbors.

Original.

WHOM SHALL WE MAKE OUR PATTERN?

"Follow me."—Matthew ix: 9.

BY DISCIPULUS.

Men are very prone to form, for their imitation, pat-ns (as they conceive) of excellence; and, really, in merous instances their servile "apings" of the *so-es-med* "great ones" of earth, are sufficiently disgusting. y not, at once, since there is such a decided proclivi-n men, to "follow" their superiors, or those whom in ir servility, they virtually *deem* to be their superiors—y not, at once follow Him, who is altogether lovely and re; and who *alone* can be said to be perfectly good, l perfectly great, since He alone is "the express im-of His person," *who is Love*, and who is worthy of l homage and the hearts of all men!

O! what a pattern of goodness, free, and full and per-beyond the ken of mortals adequately to conceive, s the blessed Savior present to all people—to all ages generations!

Follow me," is the mild, but earnest admonition of n whom truly and fully to follow, is *happiness unal-ed!* "Christ cannot be followed too closely—there o fear of deviating into wrong paths, or of pursuing , if we tread in the way in which the meek One of zzareth trod. The closer we imitate Him, the bright-and brighter will be our path 'even unto the perfect ."

The great Exemplar of all purity and lovelinesss "went ut doing good;" the most consistent practical believ-of his Teachings of universal good will, must, then, of rse, *like Him*, delight in ministering to the suffering l sorrowing? No circumstances of poverty or distress any kind, were ever contemptuously neglected by our ssed Master. *He* never "passed by on the other side," ugh, by affectionately accosting the di eased, and mis-ble, and sinful, He exposed Himself to the Pharisaic ttumely, that He was a "Friend of publicans and sin-s!"

That affectionate spirit of sympathy, which in behalf Jerusalem, breathed the touching apostrophe: "O usalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gath-d thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her ckens under her wings, and ye would not!" How racteristic is this Blessed Spirit of tenderness! How uliar to the chief of all philanthropists!

n view of all the mercies and blessings, which by that r Blessed One have been imparted to humanity, how propriate is the poet's invocation:

"Jesus the Lord, transporting Name!
By Him the Great Salvation came:
Ten thousand blessings from the Throne
Hath God imparted through His Son!"

If all men were true followers of our Blessed Re-deemer, all that cynical austerity—so entirely reversed to all motives and enterprises of true benevolence—all such anti-Christian feeling would be entirely done away with, or, at least, very greatly restrained; and, thus, many a now saddened and broken heart that knows no true joy, by reason of the rudeness and unkindness which it has to encounter, would find its notes of sorrow changed to gladness! A most striking example of the tender, sympathetic spirit of Jesus, is presented us in John xi: The very depth and sincerity itself of true and earnest friendship alike for Lazarus and Martha and Mary, does our Lord manifest in His generous condolence with the bereaved sisters of him whom He loved! Entering into the feelings of tenderness, which pervaded these grief-stricken ones,—"Jesus wept!"—and an irresistible conviction of the tender and ardent friendship of that Blessed Being, extorted from the Jews witnessing these affectingly interesting scenes, the exclamation, "Behold how he loved him!"

"The Savior in sympathy wept,
And gave the divinest relief
—When Lazarus mortally slept—
To his sisters o'erwhelmed with grief;
He sorrowed for Jerusalem's doom,
As He sat upon Olivet's steep!
He thought on her judgment to come.
And pity constrained him to weep."

Let us follow this "great pattern of the Christian's faith!" "*Ceasing from men*," let us obey Him in that quiet, silent, retired devotion commended in His Sermon on the Mount, (vide Matthew vi. 6,) so shall we acting Christianity in our lives, enjoy the inestimable blessings of present, special salvation. "Follow me."

Original.

FALSE RELIGION.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

It is said that man is naturally a religious being, and that he is more subservient to religious influence than to any other. Religion, in whatever form it is received, exercises a controlling power over his feelings, his hopes, his happiness. It reaches all the relations of life, and colors every phase of his condition. And yet it may be considered as not a little remarkable that religion, in its grossest perversions, when its influence and the servility of homage it acquires are often the greatest, does not in its action upon the heart, prevent the better sentiments and emotions of the heart from rising up at times in scorn of its announcements, and denial of its authority. The fact is often overlooked, that the divinity of our natures have stronger justifications than the divinity of our creeds.

☞Nothing is cheaper than kind words—there is no excuse, therefore, for surliness. If a civil word or two will render a man happy, said a French King, he must be a wretch indeed, who will not give them Louis Philippe owes his life to his politeness. It was by bowing to the people as they cheered him, that he once escaped being shot by an assassin.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER GONE.—Died, in this village, on the 19th inst. Capt. Jacob Wilder in the 92d year of his age. He was a native of Lancaster, Mass., and was one of the little band of patriots that opposed the British forces at Lexington, in the first battle of the revolution. He served several years in that portion of the American Army under the immediate command of Washington, and participated in its battles, after which he came to Plymouth, Vt., and was one of the pioneer settlers of that town. He came to Woodstock, about the year 1790, where he has resided ever since.

Woodstock (Vt.) Age, July 27.

The weight of the number of volumes in the patent office report, published by Congress this year, amounts to 91 tons! The postage on the same would be within the vicinity of $200-000.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

THE GRAVES OF MY PARENTS.

There is always a deep melancholy awakened by visiting the graves of those we have loved. A thousand tender and holy memories crowd upon the heart, stirring all its fountains of feeling, and mingling the light and joy of other days, with the dark shadows which surround us. Their acts of kind affection, their words of cheerful love, their many endearing virtues, and the scenes of heavy trial and exulting joy which we experienced together, all rise up with the freshness and distinctness of present realities. A mysterious feeling of desolation takes control of the heart; makes it realize the greatness of the loss it has sustained, and the sad change which has fallen upon those who rest in silence and darkness beneath us. Their beaming eyes are closed forever, their lips are hushed in perpetual stillness, and their warm hearts have become the food of worms! Flowers may bloom in beauty upon their graves, but they know it not; and though we weep over them, in the bitterness of our anguish, they heed not our tears or our groans! The voice of bleeding love and of cold indifference are both alike to them. Spring, with its gentle zephyrs and sweet songsters; Summer, with its genial warmth and varied beauties; Autumn, with its falling leaves and sighing winds; Winter, with its piercing cold and driving storms, are all the same. Down in their dark, lonely home, no note is taken of what passes upon the earth! All interest has ceased in the gathering of friends, and in the busy, exciting scenes of life! Nothing remains of the lost and loved, but dust; and just such dust as the clods that cover them! O what a work is wrought by death! How perfectly does it annihilate all that is earthly of man!

These were the thoughts which thronged my mind, when I stood, a few weeks since, by the graves of my parents. Six summers and winters had come and gone since my Father went to his long home, and yet it seemed but a day. As I stood over his lonely, hidden home, how vividly did he appear before me. His kind eye beamed in all its wonted tenderness, and his lips uttered their gentle words of affectionate regard. I heard his cheerful songs which delighted me in childhood, and I saw him as he appeared with the infirmities of age and care and toil upon him, and as he appeared when my opening mind first began to treasure up its memories. By his side, sleeps my Mother. The soft rains of only a single Spring have watered her grave. Far back as memory could reach, did I go to sad hours, when resting in her arms, she talked to me, in the spirit of a dark faith, of the dreary grave, and the woes which lie beyond it. I recollected her deep dejection, and the tears of an almost hopeless sorrow which she shed. No mother's heart ever beat more kindly than hers; and the strength of her affection, united with great caution and small hope, made her the subject of many groundless fears, and till late in life, easily disturbed by a gloomy religion. As she advanced toward the end of her journey, faith became more of a reality; and though her mind would at times linger with a painful sorrow about the grave, and in her sadness she would earnestly ask that hers might be frequently visited, and flowers kept blooming upon it, ere death came, she felt that assurance of life and immortality which removed the last shadow from the silent chamber to which she was hastening. True filial love, guided by religion, watched and cheered and comforted her, and she left the earth in triumph.

Here they lie! All is here that earth has of honored Parents. Dust is mingling with dust. They sleep in a quiet lonely ground, with none of the titled and great by their side. Infancy and youth, and manhood, and old age, are with them; but no costly monuments mark the repose of any who came from the palaces of wealth. The thickening woods, and the towering mountains, stay the fierce winds of the north, subdue their angry voices, and bid them pass over this home of the dead, slowly and in silence. It feels the first warm beams and gentle showers of spring-time, and no flowers can bloom earlier than those which love has planted over them. A lovely stream goes murmuring near them, hastening on like the stream of human life. In the distance stands the dwelling of a son, from which their silent homes can be seen. It is a pleasant sadness to look from it, and commune with those so kind and faithful, live over the scenes of years long past, and hear through memory, voices that are forever silent in death. And when night overshadows the earth, and the moon and stars appear in their brightness to watch over the repose of a sleeping world, and all is silent, save the voice of the lonely bird, that in mellow notes sings his sad song to the departed day, what a pensive gloom envelopes the soul as the sepulchral hill is dimly seen in the distance. Night's shadows and stillness give to it a strange power, and invest the tombs of the loved with a thicker darkness!

> "Voice of the grave! 'tis the mighty hour
> When night with her stars and dreams hath power."

But dark and lonely as is the grave, and sad as are the thoughts which it awakened, there is a light from heaven resting upon it. Jesus hath broken its slumbers, and risen from its lowly bed. He has brought life and immortality to light and given to all men the assurance that because he lives, they shall live also. What then, if the body moulder to dust, and what if our loved ones who have departed, lose all the joys of earth, their spirits live in a cloudless, deathless land; their home is with the Father and Son and Angels; their dwelling-place that city whose Builder and Maker is God! We may weep that our home is darkened by their absence, weep that our journey must be pursued without them; we may weep for our losses and privations; but we need not weep for them. They are happy; they have joys of which the mind enthralled by earth, can form no conception; and could tears be shed in heaven, they would weep that we stay so long in this world of shadows. God be praised for the hope of heaven! A Father, a Mother and a Sister, have left the earth, and left it, I doubt not for heaven! And there, when Life's dreams with me are all ended, I shall meet them; and there in God's own time, I shall meet all who may weep when I depart. O. A. S.

THE GOLDEN RULE AND GAZETTE OF THE UNION.

These two papers have been united. The new one is published by J. Winchester, and edited by A. C. L. Arnold. The paper is very neatly printed and ably edited. Its moral tone is pure, and its literary character elevated. The paper is devoted to Friendship, Love and Truth. Office 44 Ann-st. New York. Price $2 per year.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Gallager expects to preach at Parsippany, N. J., Sunday, the 27th inst., at such hours as may be appointed.

Br. Thayer will preach in Bridgeport on the 4th Sunday of the present month.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in the Academy at Woodbridge, N. J., next Sunday, at 3 P. M.

☞Br. Brown, the paper containing that obituary notice we cannot find. If you will send us a copy, we will most cheerfully comply with your request.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XI.

June 10, 1848.

Making a long hiatus, in which we pass by Berwick and Newcastle, 700 feet down towards the nether regions, and traveling a mile or more under ground, in a coal-pit, came out like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, without the "smell of fire," washed and flew through Durham, Darlington, and a host of smaller towns, and fetch up in York, and stop to take a look through the "Minster," which, of all the buildings I have ever seen, was the first to inspire a feeling of awe, by merely gazing at the cold architecture. It is a most magnificent edifice, more than four hundred feet long, with columns 77 feet in circumference, supporting arches 90 feet high. It has several splendid windows, one of stained glass, 27 feet wide and 72 high. The organ is the largest in Europe, having, well I will not venture to say how many pipes, but the largest is over 30 feet high and three feet square. We surveyed the immense structure, went into the chapter, the crypt, among the tombs, to the top, and stopped to the choral service to hear the organ. After this we took a hasty glance at the ruins of the old Hospital, and Museum, formerly an Abbey, Clifford Tower, &c., and started, passing through Wakefield, Huddersfield, and numerous other places, and reached Manchester to lodge. After a hasty look at this wonderful town of spindles and looms, and Chartism, we hastened on to Liverpool, where we spent several days.

While in Liverpool, we heard the two most celebrated preachers, Dr. Raffles and Dr. Martineau, and also, Mr. Thom, who, by the way, has lately been made "Dr. of Philosophy" by a German College. In the morning, when meetings here are generally least attended, we went to hear Dr. M. There were not two hundred on the lower floor, including Sunday scholars. His sermon was written in a fine and classic style, but was not distinguished for any peculiar marks of ability, either for logic or eloquence. It was sound and pretty, and a tolerably instructive production to those who kept awake and took the trouble to follow the speaker through. Nobody could find any fault with it, indeed I was very favorably impressed with Mr. M., both in his public services and in a brief conversation I had with him. I am inclined to think him a little wanting in that warmth of religious feeling, and deep pathos in delivery which are necessary to a finished and powerful speaker. His subject was a rather difficult one—the making of friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, upon which he could display little more than careful criticism and local reference in the way he explained it. He read both his prayers, in a rather cold and formal manner, and the music nothing above mediocrity. His congregation is rich and tolerably fashionable for dissenters, in this land of grand state establishments. A new and splendid edifice has been commenced for him in a more central and fashionable part of the town, as we would say more "up town." He is to be absent for several months till its completion, and intends traveling on the Continent.

At 6 we went to hear Dr. Raffles. He is a large, fat, lazy-looking man, whose conscience and doctrine cannot give him much concern, and who, I should judge, thought as much of a good dinner as of a good sermon. He is a man of a vigorous mind, and strong and powerful delivery, giving physical force to the utterance of his thoughts, and thus adapting himself to the popular taste. He is, however, too fat to be a good speaker, as his voice, though loud enough, is not clear and melodious. It seems to be stopped up, and he labors hard when he reads or speaks. His doctrine, of course, was "Evangelical," partaking in a strong degree of all the odiousness of Partialist theology. He told the Lord in his prayer, that "if Thou hadst been careful to watch and mark our short comings, we should all of us have been, long ere this, committed to that last and most fatal condition, to a state of wretchedness most intense which shall never find any limit or alleviation," a most gentle way of accusing God of injustice and carelessness in the management of the affairs of this world.

We hastened out of Dr. R's Church and got in in season to hear Dr. Thom. His meeting was thinly attended. His preparatory services were, to me, very tedious. He reads his hymns, explaining them as he goes along. They are the old harrow tooth versification of Psalms, by the Scotch Church. He spiritualizes every thing to apply to Jesus Christ. He reads his Scripture lesson with explanations, comments and references. His prayers were peculiar, partaking as much of doctrinal controversy as of the spirit of devotion. Then followed his sermon, which was a labored, argumentative, controversial production, delivered from brief notes, and darkly abstruse and difficult. In it there were some very fine passages. But generally, it was too conversational in style, and to abstract and abstruce to satisfy a taste like mine. It was too "theological," too controversial; not enough in the spirit of the passage which says, "let all things be done unto edification." But I profess I am not to judge for others. We have been through the battles. We have conquered us a land, and are now at work to cultivate it that it may bring forth abundantly. Our older preachers labored as Dr. Thom is laboring now, to "pluck every plant which God hath not planted," and hence, his mind dwells upon doctrines and theories still in controversy Yet, for one, I doubt the expediency of this proceedure. Christ and his Apostles strove more to make men better than to indoctrinate them into set forms of opinion. Good principles they insisted upon, and fundamental doctrines they preached; but with the abstractiveness of theology as now, and for many centuries, in controversy in the church they had not much to do. I fear Br. T's usefulness in this country is much hindered by this peculiarity in his preaching and writing. For, of all men I have ever met, his is heart and life the most opposite of what one would expect who had read his writings and heard him preach. He is one of the most urbane, kind-hearted, attentive, companionable men I ever met. He possesses wonderful powers of mind, a large share of actual and local information, and a rich fund of book knowledge. He lacks only in the "*savior faire*," the peculiar tact or ability to appropriate all his possessions to a direct and practical purpose. Still, he is highly respected, even by religious opponents, and greatly beloved by all who know his real value. As I hinted before, he only wants another talent to render him a most able and successful minister.

He has just completed, at a large xpenditure of time and thought, a work on the "Name and Number of the Beast," mentioned in Revelations. He has discovered, as he thinks, a key with which to unlock the whole mystery of that "strange animal," the publication of which will astound all Christendom. In the body of the work he presents the different interpretations by various writers on that subject, and shows their incorrectness. He then presents his own explanation which came to him suddenly, not long ago, as a most important exhibition of truth which the world will rejoice to know. As yet he keeps his discovery a secret and has explained it to no mortal. He attaches to it an immense significancy, and expects results to correspond. I confess I am curious to know what he makes this **666** to mean. His book will be out in a few days and the world will see his light.

Br. , is full of the right spirit as a man and a Christian. He is thoroughly American in his views and feelings, and takes

a great interest in the history and institutions of our country He has no narrow and selfish views, save in religion, and these are purely theoretical. His heart is full of charity and good-will to all men. We, on our side of the water, have every reason to love him as a man, a Christian and a brother, whatever opinion we may entertain of the peculiarities of his doctrines. And even in these, will be found fewer discrepancies than some may have fancied. We are certainly under many obligations to him for what he has done, and is doing, to deliver men from the tormenting fears of endless woe. He is doing a good work, and he works hard, and many there are who are influenced, more or less, by his arguments. Several Clergymen have privately sent in their adhesion to his views of the salvation of all men. He has a mission, and most faithfully is he laboring to fulfil it. May God bless him in his work

Yours, W. S. B.

LETTER FROM BR. FRANCIS.

Clinton, N. Y., Saturday, August 12, 1848.

Br. Skinner—Perhaps you may have learned, ere this reaches you, that our devoted brother,—the former pastor of your society—Thomas J. Sawyer, together with his wife and family, have been afflicted by the death of the youngest member of their household. This darling child was named Mary Angela. She was one year and eleven months old. Her pure spirit winged its flight towards heaven, yesterday noon.

It is the first gap that has been made in the family circle. The disease, (dysentery) did its work in about ten days, and that tender frame, generally so healthy, and giving so much of promise for coming years of earthly felicity, has been prostrated by the angel messenger—death. Verily, our brother and his amiable companion, have been called to drink deeply of the cup of bereavement. But they sorrow not as those who have no hope. Theirs is a Gospel faith, strengthening them with its own holy power; pointing to the spirit-world as the destined home of the blessed immortal,—where the bliss of reunion shall be the fruition, and parting never more be known. They therefore, neither mourn nor repine, but submissively bend to what the good Father on high deemeth best, feeling only the regret of parting. To them no doubts ever come; they have no fears. Heaven is robed in its own loveliness; for God is there, and Christ is there, and the innocent child is there.

This afternoon, the simple rites of funeral service were attended by a large gathering of neighbors, and sympathizing friends, at the dwelling of Br. S. As she lay in her little bed, surrounded by boquets of beautiful and emblematic flowers, there rested a soft smile of unearthly sweetness on her beautiful brow and face, as though an angel had touched the clay with its finger, as it took in its arms the loved flower, to bear it upward, and imparted a faint tinge of its own radiant glory, to linger there whilst it should be ours to gaze upon. She was a child of remarkable intelligence, yet not precocious. Her disposition was exceedingly confiding and affectionate; thus she became the favorite and the loved of all who beheld her. We carried her to a charming spot, close by the house, in the orchard of Br. S., and lowered the perishable to its kindred dust. Flowers were placed upon the coffin, and we sung an hymn, with the melody of the birds—God's minstrels—mingling their notes with ours. The green sods have been placed above her resting-place, which in a few days will spring up in verdure, their tender spires pointing upward to the dwelling of holiness.

There are left to Br. S. and his wife—of the pledges of affection, four sons, and a daughter—the eldest. These grieve at the early departure of a cherished sister. God grant that they may long be spared to bless their parents, as dutiful and affectionate children. Heaven's hallowed peace and trust, and the bliss of a calm anticipation, sustain this family henceforth, in their earthly pilgrimage. Very truly Yours, E. Francis.

LETTER TO BR. PAIGE.

The following, received during the absence of the editor, was laid aside with other papers, and escaped notice on his return. This circumstance will account for its late appearance in our columns.

Goshen, N. Y., July 3, 1848.

Br. Bulkeley.—Will you please to insert the following in your paper? N. C. Betts.

—

Br. Paige—I am engaged in preparing a question-book for the Universalist Sunday School; and where answers are deemed necessary, I have copied from your Commentary, as far as was needful; always giving due credit by writing "Paige's com.," at the end of the answer. I have arrived at Matthew 18: 24, and find your estimate of the *gold* talent to be $250,000—consequently the *ten thousand* to equal $2,500,000,000. The difference between the values which I find in the works consulted by me, and your's, is the motive which has led to this communication. Will you do me the favor to inform me through this medium, whether the note is as you intended it should be, or whether it originated unintentionally in the printer? The value of a *gold* talent, according to Nevin's "Biblical Antiquities," is £6000 sterling; would be equal to $24000. Your statement of the value of a *silver* talent corresponds exactly to *my* estimate, and this alone obliges me to think that the amount in your note is the result of an error in the printer. By supposing a *silver* talent to be worth £375, (the value set down in Nevin's work) and that divided into £6000, the quotient will be 16, which accords with the statement, that a talent of silver is proportioned as 16 to 1. Now, in order to obtain $1500 for the silver talent, we need but form the ratio of 375 fifteen hundredths:—25, and *this* divided into £6000—$24000

I shall proceed no farther in my work until I hear from you, through the medium of this paper, or by a letter, (whichever way you please to answer this communication,) since an error in either of our works, if known by us, would at once cause an immediate correction. Yours, in Gospel Faith,

Nathan C. Betts.

Rev. L. R. Paige.

ORDINATION AT WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

Br. Thomas Borden, 2d, who has labored acceptably and successfully with the Universalist Society in Willimantic, for the last year and more, having received fellowship from the Quinnebaug Association, at its last session, was ordained to the work of the ministry, on Wednesday the 16th inst.

Sermon and Introductory Prayer, by Br. Greenwood.
Ordaining Prayer, by Br. Stickney.
Charge and Delivery of the Scriptures, by Br. L. C. Browne.
Right hand of Fellowship, by Br. Livermore.

The prospects of the society in Willimantic, seem to be as good as those of any Society in that place. The copious water power, and the centering of Rail Roads, promise to the place a considerable growth in population.

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST SABBATH S. ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this Association, will be held at Stamford on the fourth Wednesday in August next. An address may be expected from the Rev. S. S. Fletcher. The Superintendents of the various schools in this State, are earnestly requested to present full reports of the condition and progress of their schools. O. Utley, *Secretary*.

☞ The Trumpet will please copy.

Middletown, July 17, 1848.

VISIT TO GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

We had the satisfaction, a short time since, of spending a few days in this delightful village, situated on the banks of the Hudson 40 miles north of Troy, and 18 from Saratoga Springs. The village takes its name from the falls, at which it is situated, and for pleasantness of location, and the natural beauty of its scenery, is exceeded by few others in the State, or country. An extensive trade is carried on from this place, in marble and lumber, the preparation of which, for market, constitutes the principal business of the inhabitants, employing a large amount of capital, and a great number of hands. We were shown specimens of the marble, which is of a dark color, and for building or ornamental purposes, is equal to any in the world. Our cause, as we were happy to learn, is regarded as firmly established here. The Society of our faith, which is of comparatively recent origin, though not large, comprises many of the best and most respectable families in the place, and its members generally, in respect to intelligence and refinement, will not suffer by a comparison with any other. They have a handsome church, finely located, and an excellent choir of singers. Since Br. Davis left, early in the Spring, the Society has been without a pastor, but, as has been before announced in our paper, they have engaged Br. J. Baker, of Madrid, St. Lawrence Co., to settle with them, who was expected to commence his labors there, last Sabbath. Though we have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Br. B., yet from what we have learned concerning him, we have full confidence in him as an able, faithful and judicious pastor and preacher such an one, in fact, as any society needs to ensure its continued prosperity. We regard the condition of the Society as highly encouraging, and freely extend to them our hearty congratulations upon their brightening prospects. The kind and christian courtesy and hospitality, extended to us by the friends, with whom we had the happiness to form an acquaintance, and particularly by the amiable family of our worthy Br. Har-, with whom we sojourned, will be long and gratefully remembered.

S. C. B.

THE LAST ENEMY.

Dr. Jordan, in his keen reply to Hall, has the following conclusive remarks, in regard to the destruction of the last enemy:

"'The last enemy, death, shall be destroyed'—verse 26. Says Dr. Clarke, 'Death can only be destroyed by a general resurrection: it is most evident death will retain his empire. Therefore, the fact that death shall be destroyed, assures us of the fact that there shall be a general resurrection; and this is proof, also, that *after the resurrection there shall be no more death.*'

"But death is the *last enemy*, and the last that is to be *destroyed*; consequently, there is no enemy beyond the destruction of death, which takes place at the resurrection of the dead. Mr. Hall supposes that after death, 'The last enemy,' has been destroyed by a general resurrection, the wicked, enemies of God, and Christ, and of good men, will be destroyed. He has an enemy, beyond the last! This verse forever annihilates the doctrine of annihilation, as well as that of a second death, or punishment beyond the resurrection. There can be no enemy beyond the *last*; neither can there be a *destruction* of an enemy beyond the destruction of the *last* enemy—consequently, there can be no death, nor suffering, beyond the resurrection. I defy the world to gainsay this conclusion!

"Mr. Hall allows that if this declaration of the apostle proves any thing, it proves too much; for, says he, 'all wicked men are enemies to righteous men, consequently the wicked will be destroyed. And righteous men are enemies to wicked men, therefore the righteous will be destroyed!' And what is still worse, God, he says, is the enemy of man, and therefore God must be destroyed! What a libel on the character of God, to say he is the 'enemy of man!'

"Who cannot see that the whole argument is fallacious in the extreme? Is this what Paul meant by 'enemies?' Nothing of the kind. They are the enemies of man, all men—not of a certain class of men, of which he speaks; enemies to righteousness, to the reign of Christ, and the happiness of man. And what are they? I answer, sin, suffering, the flesh, and the devil—and last of all, *death*. Death is the last enemy, in the whole catalogue of enemies to man; and this is to be destroyed when man is raised from the dead, and death is swallowed up in victory. Christ must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet—'The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is *death*.'

"The devil shall be destroyed, and all his works. The *characters* of wicked men are the work of the devil, so called, and not the men themselves. The devil never yet made a man nor an immortal soul! Neither did St. Paul, although he addressed some as his 'beloved *sons*,' and as '*work* in the Lord!' The man who will resort to such low, trifling, insignificant, and ridiculous quibbling as this, in order to show that the devil is the author of wicked *men*, is beyond or *below* the jurisdiction of reason, and the best that can be done is to say of him, as of Ephraim, 'he is joined to his idols—let him alone!' God is the author of man—of every man—and of the devil also, if there be a devil; He is the author of all things, for he made every thing that was made."

ANOTHER NEW MEETING HOUSE.

We learn from the "Watchman" that the house erected by the Universalist Society in Highgate Vt. was dedicated to the Worship of the one living and true God, on, Wednesday the 4th inst. by appropriate religious Services. Sermon by Rev H. P. Cutting.

"This house is owned wholly by Universalists. It is neatly and plainly finished in every part. A good sofa is in the pulpit, and the windows curtained, so that it presents an airy appearance. The house will seat about three hundred comfortably. We have a good bell, the tones of which, are rich and clear.

It is with no ordinary feeling of pleasure, that we can announce, that we have a good house of worship in Highgate. It is chiefly owing to one man, Bro. E. B. Rounds, that the house has been built. Our Society had a meeting some three months since, and proposed to build a house. Br. Rounds took the responsibility to build it, and in about *ten weeks from the time he commenced, the house was ready to be Dedicated.* Our brother is worthy of the highest praise, for his decision, energy and perseverence. He is a bright example for others to follow. What he undertakes *will be done.* As Bro. Haven remarked in his address on the last day, an instance of a house being built in so short a time, and so well, could not be produced in the State. It is owing to the activity and zeal of the Ladies of our Society, that we have a bell, a good Bible and Hymn Book for the pulpit. We feel to thank God, and take courage in our efforts to spread the Gospel in its purity and fullnesss."

STEAMBOAT TROY.

This elegant Steamer, so long and favorably known on the day line between this city, Albany and Troy, has been handsomely fitted up, and now runs as a night boat, on the same route. Owing to the peculiar construction and position of her machinery, much of the jarring motion, which is so unpleasant and so fatal to repose, on many other boats, is prevented in this. This circumstance, together with the excellence of her accommodations, and the courtesy and politeness of her officers, renders her deservedly a favorite with the traveling public. Capt Frazee, is widely known as one of the most popular and successful commanders on the river, and well deserves the liberal patronage that is awarded to him.

S. C. B.

REMOVALS.

Br. J. J. Twiss having accepted an invitation ty take the pastoral charge of the First Universalist Society, in Stamford, Ct., desires to be addressed accordingly.

PARTIALISM WILL NOT DO TO DIE BY.

The following, which we find in a late number of the Star in the West, furnishes another instance of the insufficiency of Partialism in the trying hour. Br. Gurley remarks that Dr. Borland, the husband of the deceased lady, has also embraced Universalism. When we consider the positive wretchedness and misery that it must give the believer in seasons of affliction and death, it is indeed wonderful that all who have embraced that corrupt system, do not abandon it.

Died in this city, on Sunday morning last at 8 o'clock, Mrs Ellen Eliza aged 35 years, the wife of Dr Wm. H. Borland, Our sister, to whose memory, we are called upon to pay a feeble tribute of respect, endured, without a repining word, a long and painful sickness, and finally leaning her head on the redeemer, breathed her life out sweetly there.

There are some facts associated with the religious history and personal experience of Mrs. B. which we think may be serviceable to our readers and the world. Prompted by her early religious training, she united herself while in youth, with the Episcopal Church, and remained a member at the time of her death. Some two months since, being well persuaded that her departure was near at hand, she began to meditate calmly and anxiously upon the evidences and grounds of her acceptance with God, and her hopes of a blissful immortality; and the result was, as it always will be with all who come to a consideration of the subject honestly and entirely free from all self-righteousness—she could see no way by which she could have a satisfactory hope for herself, unless that hope embraced the whole world. She was compelled to avow her belief in the ultimate purity and bliss of the entire family of man

Having embraced this faith she was solicited to see and converse with some of its advocates. Being absent from the city, Br. Thos. H. Johnson visited and had several pleasant interviews with her. I can never forget my first and last visit at her bed-side. At my first I was peculiarly impressed with the great manifestation of satisfaction when I spoke of the character of God, and the sublime assurances of His Holy Word. "Now," said she, "Br. Jewell, I am unacquainted with your people and their customs, but if it will be agreeable to you'll want to have the Lord's supper observed here in my room, and I wish to join your church." The following Sabbath afternoon the writer administered to her the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood; Brs. Johnson, J. H. Campbell, of Cleveland, and others being present.

At my last interview, but a day or two before her departure, she said there was one thing more that I must do, and that was to sprinkle and consecrate her little infant daughter. She retained her senses to the last, and gave every evidence of a perfect resignation to the will of God. Her death was calm and peaceful

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
> And lies down to pleasant dreams."

A word more, and I close. It is often said that a belief in universal and efficient grace, will do to live by, but will not sustain the sinking spirit.

Here then, is a case, which we wish all who have cherished such an opinion, to meditate upon seriously and see how they can reconcile it with the constant assertion that the doctrine of Universalism has no power to comfort the soul. The lady named above, when death stared her in the face—and contrary to all her early impressions and religious associations, found herself *compelled* to embrace this despised faith of immortal and impartial grace and mercy, in her last expiring moments. And what other ground of hope has the sinner than the goodness and mercy of God? What besides, does he need? He relies upon the Being who gave him his existence, and hopes for final acceptance and salvation through Jesus Christ—"The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Come ye weary sons of men, and daughters of woe, to this overflowing fount of immortal and changeless love? Why perish with hunger? Why longer cling to your unsatisfying system? Come to the broad foundation, and have hope for yourselves, your families and the world, and "enter into Rest."

May the God of mercies sanctify the life and death of our sister to the good of the husband, the children, the Church and the world—Amen.

Cincinnati, July 31st, 1848. H. Jewell.

The Gospel Teacher for August, was duly received. This is a good number of a good work. Br. J. G. Adams, Editor, and Br. J. M. Usher, Publisher.—Price $1 00.

DANBURY SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Sunday School connected with the Society in Danbury, made their excursion on Wednesday of last week. Although the weather was rather unfavorable, a company assembled larger than we had dared anticipate. A slight shower fell in the morning, but the sun was soon shining in all its brilliancy, and we started for the grove, arriving there about half past 10, when two excellent swings were immediately put in requisition.

At the usual time the tables were spread, but as quickly removed, at the appearance of another shower. Another floating cloud obscured the sun, and distilled its contents on the earth. It quickly passed, and the hot sun again appearing, its effects soon vanished.

Again the tables were spread bountifully with the substantials, and plenty of the delicacies of life, of which about 200 partook. All seemed to enjoy themselves, even in the rain, for all seemed to follow the advice of a certain wise philosopher, "when it rains let it rain." Each took up with the accommodations he could get, and we trust the time will long be remembered by many, as a season of most agreeable, social entertainment. We were highly gratified at meeting many of our Newtown friends, with some, also, from your great city.

Brs. Elliott and Ambler delivered each a short address, and the day passed off without an accident to mar its pleasures. The company dispersed about 4 o'clock, and as they returned to their respective homes, we trust they felt the bond of social union strengthened; and, that in contributing to the happiness of others they had taken the surest method to secure their own.

E. T. A.

UNION TEACHER'S SOCIETY.

A Meeting of the "Union Teacher's Society," will be held on Monday evening, August 28, 1848, at 8 o'clock, in the Vestry of the Orchard-st. Church. The following subject has been proposed for debate, on that evening:

"Should moral force be the only agent for the government of the Sabbath School."

For the Affirmative, Br. M. V. More, of Bleecker-st. For the Negative, Br. T. Palmer, of Orchard-st.

This will, without doubt, be an interesting meeting, and it is earnestly hoped that every Teacher will be present. By so doing, the interest of the meeting will be enlivened to a great degree, and each and every one will be satisfied that they have done their duty. It is far more agreeable for the President to preside over a full meeting, than a poor one. Come then, and be edified by our proceedings; render your President happy by a general gathering, and confer an obligation on your Secretary, by taking into consideration his earnest appeals for your attendance, and acting accordingly. By order,

Edward Small, *Secretary*.

N. B. Superintendents of the Schools will be particular in giving the above notice. The meeting will be held in the Orchard-st. Vestry, in consequence of the cleaning of Fourth Street Church.

W. G.

THE CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT.

A friend and subscriber, writes as follows, on this subject. How would it answer to govern a school on partialist principles? We hope for humanity's sake, the experiment will never be tried any where.

"The more I read the Bible, the more confirmed I become in the blessed doctrine of unlimited salvation from sin, and the more I look around on the world, the more does this truth appear, 'The wicked shall not go unpunished.' I find the principle the most efficacious in my school, of any other, never to remit a punishment deserved, under any circumstances; for then the pupil will be cautious of committing faults which otherwise would occur frequently and thoughtlessly."

TROY SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The above named School made a Pic-Nic Excursion to Saratoga Springs on the 8th inst. Happening to be in that vicinity at the time, it was our good fortune to be present and participate in the pleasures of the Excursion. The company numbering, as we judged, near seven hundred, left Troy in a special train of cars, which had been chartered for their use, early in the morning, and after spending several hours in innocent sports and recreation amid the delightful scenery at the Springs, returned at a very seasonable hour to their homes, without an accident to mar the joys of the occasion. The day was one of the finest of the season, and we have seldom seen a happier company assembled on any occasion. We were happy to learn that the School is in a flourishing condition, and that a handsome sum, designed for its benefit, was raised from the sale of tickets for the excursion. S. C. B.

NEW PREACHER.

We are happy to learn that Br. G. Hill, of Lowell, Mass., has commenced preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God. He is highly recommended by Br. Uriah Clarke, of Lowell, under whose direction he pursued his studies.

New Publications.

Graham's Magazine, for September, has been received. It contains two elegant engravings, and a rich variety of interesting articles. This is one of the best of all the monthly publications. Agents in this City, Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings. The story on our last page, is copied from this Magazine.

Parts 55 and 56 of Virtue's superbly Illustrated Family Bible, with notes by Rev. Dr. Fletcher, have been received. Part 55 contains a most elegant engraving of the Baths and City of Tiberias. Part 56 contains an engraving of Joseph presenting his father to Pharaoh. Price 25 cents per part. Geo. Virtue, 26 John-st., Publisher.

The Childhood of Mary Leeson is an interesting juvenile work, from the pen of Mary Howitt. It is correct in its views and pure in its style. We regard it as one of the best books we have seen for a long time. It should be in every Sabbath School Library. Crosby & Nichols, Washington-st. Boston, Publishers.

Sabbath School Cards.—Br. Usher has published a new series of Sabbath School Cards for the use of small children. They are simple and appropriate, and well adapted to the minds of Children. We commend them to the notice of S. S. Teachers.

Sunday School Offering.—This is a book of Sacred Orations designed for S. S. Exhibitions. It contains several of the finest pieces we ever saw. It has also several pretty tunes. The above works can be obtained of J. M. Usher, 31, Cornhill, Boston.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ALBANY.

A fire broke out in Albany, on Thursday, of last week, in some out-buildings in the rear of Broadway and Herkimer-sts., which spread rapidly over that part of the city, destroying an immense amount of property, and causing the loss of several lives. It is by far the largest fire that city has ever sustained. Most of the property destroyed, was insured, to a greater or less extent.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

Spirit of Majesty and Majestic Power,
Whose milder influence gilds each passing hour—
Spirit and minister of holy things!
Thy source is where the God-head's glory springs—
Thy being rose the staineless pure among,
Thine infant voice was Nature's choral song!
When down, through flaming spheres, on ancient night,
Fell the reviving words—"*Let there be Light.*"

The weak, the idle, and the worldly great,
Who drink of passion's gall, and know its hate;
Who, in the dust of low ambition, prate
Of honors due from an ungrateful State—
These scorn to drink thy spirit, know thy power,
Oh, Ruler of love's consecrated hour!
Yet dost thou live the same—thy smile as bright—
Through dark-wing'd years as in the morning light;
So the broad sun bestows his constant rays
On Man, whate'er his heart, his hopes or praise.

Spirit! with awe and praise, I see thee move
Within a God-lit realm of truth and love,
And, from thy silver wings, that wooed the sun
Before the Earth's untiring race begun,
Descend hope's marshaled prophets, to relate
The will of God, and being's better state.

Spirit! I know thee by the smile that plays
On youth's fair lip, and freshens in its praise;
I know thee by the glance that beauty flings
Along the heart's reverbrating strings;
I know thee by the blush that morning owns,
When Time's vast organ chants, in solemn tones,
The tale that progress writes with iron pen,
Upon the tablet of the hearts of men.

Spirit! I've seen the ghost of midnight raise
His sable standard o'er man's sun-lit days,
And shadows press upon the panting heart,
And hope's last whisper tremble and depart;
I've seen glad youth dissolve its joys in tears
That clothed with incense the immortal years;
And royal beauty garnish the foul tomb,
In the bright zenith of her Summer's bloom;
And trembling age that earth had never blest,
Shrink in dismay before his yawning rest;
And dripping crime, with pestitential laugh,
Sink in the wave of hell he fain would quaff;—
But, Spirit! this my heart its freshened glow
Hath yet preserved upon the tide of woe,
And, in the drearest hour it e'er hath known,
A voice broke forth with music like thine own!

Spirit! thou weav'st the gentle chord that binds
The harp of concord in immortal minds;
Thou giv'st a mutual charm to souls that sing
Through sorrow's night and winter's withering!
Thou art the breath of God on all below,
Who love a fairer morn of lighter woe;
Thou art the Prophet of the Golden Age—
The finer essence of old Alpha's sage—
The impulse, monitor, and Lord, and Guide
Of human souls, on being's boundless tide
Yet guided, strengthen'd by The God, whose arm
Dissolves in dust a world, and rules the storm—
Doing His will, reposing on His might,
Drinking His love like dew, and living in His light.

From Graham's Magazine, for September.

MEXICAN JEALOUSY.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY ECOTIER.

On the 15th of September, two days after the storming of Chapultepec a small party of soldiers, in dark uniforms, were seen to issue from the great gate of that castle, and, winding down the Calzada, turn towards the City of Mexico. This occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was very hot, and the sun, glancing vertically upon the flinty rocks that paved the causeway, rendered the heat more oppressive.

At the foot of the hill the party halted, taking advantage of the shade of a huge cypress tree, to set down a litera, which four men carried upon their shoulders. This they deposited under one of the arches of the aqueduct in order the better to protect its occupant from the hot rays of the sun.

The occupant of the litera was a wounded man, and the pale and bloodless cheek, and fevered eye showed that his wound was not a slight one. There was nothing around to denote his rank, but the camp cloak, of dark blue, and the crimson sash, had evidently been saturated with blood, which now dried upon it, leaving parts of it shriveled like, and of a darker shade of crimson. It had staunched the life-blood of its wearer upon the 13th. The soldiers stood around the litter, their bronzed faces turned upon its occupant, apparently attentive to his requests. There was something in the gentle care with which these rude men seemed to wait upon the young officer, that bespoke the existence of a stronger feeling than mere humanity. There was that admiration which the brave soldiers feel for him who has led them in the field of battle—*at their head*. That small group were among the first who braved the frowning muzzles of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec. The wounded officer had led them to those parapets.

The scence around exhibited the usual indications of a recent field of battle. There were batteries near, with dismounted cannon, broken carriages, fragments of shells, dead horses, whose riders lay by them, dead too, and still unburied. Parties were strolling about, busied with this sad duty, but heaps of mangled carcases still lay above ground, exibiting the swollen limbs and distorted features of decomposition. The atmosphere was heavy with the disagreeable odor, and the wounded man turning upon his pillow, gently commanded the escort to proceed. Four stout soldiers again took up the litera, and the party moved slowly along the aqueduct, toward the Garita Belen. The little escort halted at intervals for rest and to change bearers. The fine trees that line the great aqueduct on the Tacubaya road, though much torn and mangled by the cannonade of the 13th, afforded a fine shelter from the hot sun-beams. In two hours after leaving Chapultepec, the escort entered the Garita Belen, passed up the Paseo Nuevo, and halted in front of the Alameda.

Any one who has visited the city of Mexico will recollect, that opposite the Alameda, on its southern front, is a row of fine houses, which continues on to the Calle San Francisco, and thence to the Great Plaza, forming the Calles Correo, Plateros, &c. These streets are inhabited principally by foreigners, particularly that of Plateros, which is filled with Frenchmen. To prevent their houses from being entered by the American soldiery upon the 14th, the windows were filled with national flags, indicating to what nation the respective owners of the houses belonged. There were Belgians, French, English, Prussians, Spanish, Danes, and Austrians—in fact, every kind of flag. Mexican flags alone were not to be seen. Where these should have been, at times, the white flag—the banner of peace—hung through the iron railings, or from the balcony. In front of a house that bore this simple ensign, the escort, with the litera, had accidentally stopped.

The eye of the wounded officer rested mechanically upon the little flag over his head, when his attention was arrested by noticing that this consisted of a small, white lace handkerchief, handsomely embroidered upon the corners, and evidently such as belonged to some fair being. Though suffering from the agony of his wound, there was something so attractive in this discovery, that the eyes of the invalid were immediately turned upon the window, or rather grating, from which the flag was suspended, and his countenance changed at once, from the listless apathy of pain to an expression of eager interest. A young girl was in the window, leaning her forehead against the *reja*, or grating, and looking down with more of painful interest than curiosity upon the pale face beneath her. It was the window of the *entresol*, slighty raised above the street, and the young girl herself was evidently of that class known to the aristocracy of Mexico as the "leperos." She was tastefully dressed, however, in the picturesque costume of her class and country, and her beautiful black hair, her dark Indian eye, the half live, carmine tinge upon her soft cheek, formed a countenance at once strange, and strikingly beautiful. Her neck, bosom, and shoulders, seen over the window-stone, were of that form which strikes you as possessing more of the oval than the rotund, in short the model of the perfect woman.

On seeing the gaze of the wounded man so intently fixed upon her, the young girl blushed, and drew back. The officer felt disappointed and sorry, as one feels when the light, or a beautiful object is suddenly removed from his sight; still, however, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon the window, as though unable to unrivet his gaze. This continued for some moments, when a beautiful arm was plunged through the iron grating, holding in the most delicate little fingers a glass of pinal.

A soldier stepped up, and taking the proffered glass, held it to the lips of the wounded officer, who gladly drank of the cool and refreshing beverage, without being able to thank the fair donor, who had withdrawn her hand at parting with the glass. The glass was held up to the window, but the hand that clutched it was course and large, and evidently that of a man. A muttered curse, too, in the Spanish language, was heard to proceed from within. This was heard but indistinctly. The invalid gazed at the window for some minutes, expecting the return of the beautiful apparition, then as if he had given up all hope, he called out a "gracias-adios!", and ordered the escort to move on. The soldiers, once more shouldering the litera, passed up the Calle Correo, and entered the Hotel Campagnon, in the street of Espiritu Santo.

For two months the invalid was confined to his chamber, but often, during that time, both waking and dreaming, the face of the beautiful Mexican girl would flit across his feverish fancy. At the end of this time his surgeon gave him permission to ride out in an easy carriage. He was driven to the Alameda, where he ordered the carriage to halt under the shade of its beautiful trees, and directly in front of the spot where he had rested on entering the city. He recognized the little window. The white flag was not there, and he could see nothing of the inmates. He remained a considerable time seated in the carriage, gazing upon the house, but no face appeared at the cold iron grating, no smile to cheer his vigil. Tired and disappointed, he ordered his carriage to be driven back to the hotel.

Next day he repeated the manœuvre, and the next, and the next, with a like success. Probably he had not chosen the proper time of day. It was certainly not the hour when the lovely faces of the Mexican women appear in their balconies. This reflection induced him to change the hour, and upon the day following, he ordered his carriage in the evening. Just before twilight, it drew up as usual under the tall trees of the Alameda. Imagine the delight of the young officer, at seeing the face of the beautiful Mexican through the grating of the *reja*.

The stir made by the stopping of the carriage had attracted her. The uniform of its inmate was the next object, of her attention, but when her eyes fell upon the face of the wearer, a strange expression came over her countenance, as if she were struggling with some indistinct recollections, and all at once that beautiful countenance was suffused with a smile of joy. She had recognized the officer. The latter, who had been an anxious observer of every change of expression, smiled in return and bowed an acknowledgment, then turning to his servant, who was a Mexican, he told him, in Spanish, to approach the window and offer his thanks to the young lady for her act of kindness upon the 15th of September.

The servant delivered the message, and shortly afterward the carriage drove off. For several evenings the same carriage might be seen standing under the trees of the Alameda. An interesting acquaintance had been established between the young officer and the Mexican girl. About a week afterward, and the carriage appeared no more. The invalid had been restored to perfect strength.

December came, and upon the 15th of this month, about half an hour before the twilight, an American officer, wrapped in a light Mexican cloak, passed down the Calle San Francisco, and crossed into the Alameda. Here he stopped, leaning against a tree, as though observing the various groups of citizens, who passed in their picturesque dresses. His eye, however, was occasionally turned upon the opposite side of the street, and with a glance of stealthy, but eager inquiry. At length the well-known form of the beautiful "lepera" appeared at the window, who, holding up her hand, adroitly signaled the officer with her taper, fan-like fingers. The signal was answered. She had scarcely withdrawn her hand inside the reja when a dark, scowling face made its appearance at her side, her hand was rudely seized, and with a scream she disappeared. The young officer fancied he saw the bright gleaming of a stilletto within the gloomy grating.

He rushed across the street, and in a moment stood beneath the window. Grasping the strong iron bars, he lifted himself

up so as to command a view of the inside which was now in perfect silence. His horror may be imagined when, on looking into the room, he saw the young girl stretched upon the floor, and, to all appearance dead. A stream of blood was running from beneath her clothes, and her dress was stained with blood over the waist and bosom. With frantic energy the young man clung to the bars, and endeavored to wrench them apart. It was to no purpose, and letting go his hold, he dropped into the street. The large gate of the house was open. Into this he rushed, and reached the *patio* just in time to catch a glimpse of a fignre escaping along the azotea. He rushed up the steep stone stairway, and grasping the parapets, raised himself on the roof. The fugitive had run along a series of platforms of different heights, composed by the azoteas of houses, and had reached a low roof, from which he was about to leap into an adjoining street, where he would in all probability, have made good his escape. He stood upon the edge of the parapet, cacullating his leap, which was still a fearful plunge. It was not left to his choice whether to take or rufuse it. A pistol flashed behind him, and almost simultaneously with the report he fell forward upon his head, and lay upon the pavement below, a bruised and bleeding corpse. His pursuer approached the parapet, and looked over into the street, as if to assure himself that his aim had been true, then turned with a fearful forboding, and retraced his way over the azoteas. His fears, alas! were but too just. She was dead.

PRAYER AND TRADE.

Rev. Mr. Hume, a missionary at Bombay, says there are about twenty-five thousand Parsees or followers of Zoroaster, in Bombay, and that they constitute the most intelligent, enterprising and wealthy class of the native population.

A few days ago, I had occasion to go into the shop of a Parsee, with whom I am considerably acquainted. It was in the afternoon, and I found him standing on the steps of his shop, with his face toward the setting sun, busily engaged in repeating his prayers. Many people were passing along the street just before him: but this seemed to cause him no concern, unless when he had occasion to bow to some acquaintance. When I turned to enter his shop, he gave me a very cordial salutation, bowing and waving his hand for me to enter, but all the time repeating his prayers as rapidly as ever. Perceiving that no one was present in the shop to attend me, he clapped his hands several times, making a loud noise, the object of which seemed to be well understood by the family, as a son, a young man of twenty years of age, came running into the shop.

I asked him the price of the article which I had come to purchase; when he, being in doubt, went and inquired of his father, who with the fore finger of the right hand, wrote upon the palm of the other the price to be charged. The young man then came back and told what his father had said; but the price being exravagant, I objected to it, and told him what I would give. The young man not feeling at liberty to act on his own responsibility, went and reported my offer to his father, who shook his head and again wrote on his hand, as before, a sum considerably less than that first mentioned. The young man again came and stated the price now asked; which being still very unreasonable, I was about to leave, but said I woald give him the sum offered at first, if he chose to take it.

The young man again hastened to his father with my offer, and as he shook his head at this I passed out of another door, leaving him repeating his prayers as busily as ever. While I remained, he appeared much interested in what was passing in the shop; and although praying with his face in an opposite direction, he every moment turned so far about as to catch a glance of us, and observe what we were doing. The person here mentioned is a shrewd intelligent buisness man; but alas, how blind in regard to spiritual matters! He readily acknowledged that we were indebted to God for every thing; but I have often seen him, early in the morning, bowing reverently to the different articles in his shop, muttering over something at the same time. This is done from a superstitious belief that it may secure good prices and prosperous business.

☞A corked bottle was found in the surf on Long Beach, near the Mansion of Health, on the 4th inst containing the following note: "Brig Caroline foundered at sea in latitude 38 deg. 25 min., from Cuba, bound to New York, with twenty-five passengers—all lost. I write this on a spare yard, in the sea. Whoever gets this will publish it for the gratification of the owners. Signed, Capt. Thompson."

Capt. Thompson was a man of remarkable forethought to be provided with cork and bottle to write on "a spare yard!" tossing at sea.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

BY LOUISA.

In this varying world of ours,
With its sunshine and its flowers,
With its hopes of rainbow hue,
With its hearts so warm and true,
Often comes this wounding dart,
"Here we meet, too soon to part."

In the dreamy twilight hour,
When romance exerts its power,
When congenial souls with ours
Revel in enchanted bowers;
Oft we feel the tear-drop start
As we murmur, "soon we part."

Often o'er life's devious track,
Youth's sweet friends come fondly back,
In their earnest eyes we gaze,
See the love of other days;—
Yet a thrill comes o'er the heart,
Speaking plainly, "soon we part."

Yes, amid the pleasant band,
When we wander hand in hand,
Death may come and steal away
Those, who o'er our lonely way,
Made a gleam of sunshine dart;
"Ah! we meet, too soon to part."

Even love, with all its bliss,
Fancy, hope, and friendship's kiss,
From our hearts must pass away
Like the lingering sunset ray;
Ah! how keen the anguish-smart,
When we sigh, "too soon we part."

Yet there is a better land,
Where the loved who clasp our hand,
In this changing world below,
Shall be freed from every woe;
There, no more the aching heart
Ee'er shall whisper, "we must part."

Millington, Conn.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lad was toiling up a heavy hill, near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would never reach the summit. Every time he lifted the basket, it felt heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket, when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had not gone on many paces, when he stopped, and turned around to the lad, looked at him for a moment or two, and then said, kindly—

"That's a heavy load, you have, my boy,—Come! let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket, and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There. Do you think you can get along now?" said he, with a smile, as he set the basket down. "Or shall I carry it a little further?"

"Oh, no, thank you sir," returned the boy, with a glow of gratitude on his fine young face. "I can carry it very well; and I am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a care worn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low, sweet voice, and a hand was laid gently on the old man's arm.

"Is it you dear?" he returned with a low sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers the thin, gray locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for the evening, Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a man on business."

And he kissed her tenderly; yet sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in, but the moment she retired, he became agitated, and arose, and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to pace to and fro, for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly, and listened. The street door bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said, with slightly perceptible embarrassment.

"Mr. Page," returned the old man, with a feeble, quickly fading smile. "Good evening," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped the hand and shook it warmly. But there was no pressure in return.

"Sit down, Mr. Page."

The man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat down near him.

"You promised me an answer to my proposal to night," said the former, after a pause.

"I did," returned the old man; "but am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact, I have not found an opportunity to say any thing to Florence on the subject."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and some thing like a frown darkened upon his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes, after which the man called Page, said,

"Mr. Mason, I have made a honorable proposal for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded and do still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to feel as if just cause for offence existed."

"None is intended, I can assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something like deprecation in his tone. "But you must remember, Mr. Page, that you have never sought to win the young girl's affection, and that as a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish me to make to her, will be received with surprise, and, it may be, disapproval. I wish to approach her, on this subject, with proper discretion. To be too precipitate, may startle her into instant repugnance to your wishes."

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Page, with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassment. Show her how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin; and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife, you are removed from all danger. Will you do this?"

The old man did not reply. He was lost in a deep reverie. It is doubtless whether he heard all the man had said.

"Will you do this?" repeated Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered with great firmness and dignity—

"Mr. Page, the struggle in my mind is over. I am prepared for the worst. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit, and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter she must remain perfectly free. Approach her as a man, and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

As if stung by a serpent, Page started from his chair.

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted—"and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand; you listened to them, gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to night. Now you meet me with insult. Sir, you will repent this."

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come.

For a long time after his angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and recross the floor with measured tread. At last he rung a bell, and directed a servant who came to say to Florence that he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he, said, in a trembling voice, "I have something to say to you that must be no longer concealed."

Florence looked wonderingly into her father's face, while her heart began to sink.

"Just then a servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking man, just in the prime of life. Florence quickly retired, but not before the visitor had fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," he said, as soon as the young girl had left the room; "but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call on you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed and said—

"I know your house very well; and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes. You have bought one or two bills of goods from us," replied the visitor. Then, after a moment's pause he said, in a changed voice—

"Mr. Mason, I learned to night, from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are, in fact, on the very eve of bankruptcy. Tell me, frankly, whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak; but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me sir," urged the visitor. "Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me, if your strength be indeed failing. Tell me then, is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from present embarrassment?"

"Fully."

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason. That sum you shall have. To morrow morning I will see you. Good evening," And the visitor arose and was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mason, and tendered a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand at thirty days for ten thousand more, which was almost the same as the money.

While the check and the note lay before him on the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificing friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this. Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh, no. You once did me a service, that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly.

"Did you a service? When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man, "I was a poor boy and you were a man of wealth. One hot day, I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often, afterward, did I meet you in the street and look into your face with pleasure. But you did not remember me. Ever since, I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others; and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer

"It has faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, sir, a very little matter, and not entitled to the importance that you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer. I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return the favor, at the first opportunity, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward again in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his true feelings. The bread cast upon the water, had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness.

The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all. The glimpse which Mr. Greer had received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterward he led her to the altar.

A kind act is never lost, though done to a child.

Secular Department.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

The Cambria, arrived at Boston, between eleven and twelve, on Saturday morning of last week. Her news was eagerly sought after, as she was expected to bring an account of Ireland's first blow for freedom. Many were disappointed with the news as received through the English papers, giving as it did, not a very flattering account for Ireland; but the *Tribune* has a correspondent in Dublin, whose letter to that paper, places affairs in a far different light from the other accounts received. Under date of August 3, he says:

No newspaper here dare tell the truth concerning the Battle of Slievenamon, but from all we can learn, the people have had a great victory. Gen. Macdonald the commander of the British forces, is killed, and six thousand troops are killed and wounded. The road for three miles is covered with the dead. We have also the inspiring intelligence that Kilkenny and Limerick have been taken by the people. *The people of Dublin have gone in thousands to asisst in the Country.* Mr. John B. Dillon was wounded in both legs. Mr. Meagher was also wounded in both arms. *It is generally expected that Dublin will rise and attack the Jails on Sunday night (Aug. 6.)*

All the people coming in on the Railroad are cautioned and commanded not to tell the news. When the cars arrive, thousands of the Dublin people are waiting for the intelligence. The Police drive away those who are seen asking questions. Why all this care of the Government to prevent the spread of intelligence, unless it be that something has happened which they want kept as a secret? If they had obtained a victory, they would be very apt to let us know it.

We are informed that the 3d Buffs (a regiment of Infantry) *turned and fought with the people.* The 31st regiment, at Athlone, have also declared for the people, and two regiments have been sent to disarm them.

The mountain of Slievenamon is almost inaccessible. There is but one approach to it. It is said to be well supplied with provisions. It was a glorious place for our noble Smith O'Brien to select. It is said he has sixty thousand men around him, with a considerable supply of arms, ammunition and cannon. In '98 the rebels could not be taken from Slievenamon until they chose to come out themselves.

A lady who came to town yesterday, and who had passed the scene of battle, said that for three miles, the stench arising from the dead men and horses was almost suffocating.

SPURIOUS BANK NOTES.—Counterfeit threes of the East Haddam Bank are in circulation in Boston. T. C. Bordman Cashier, E. A. Bulkley, President. The Centre piece, St. George and the dragon—head of Washington, the right hand end, and bundle of wheat on the left end of the bill. The engraving is bad.

The potato rot, says the Cumberland (Md.) Mountaineer, so prevalent throughout the country, has at length made it appearance in Alleghany county. In the region of the Crossing and the Glades, the crop of potatoes, so far as discovered, is found to be rotten.

INGENUITY OF SCIENCE.—Who would have imagined, when gun-cotton was produced by Mr. Schonbein, and the world was threatened with destruction by being blown up by this terrible explosive material, that within a few months it should be discovered to be an excellent styptic for dressing cuts and wounds? But so it is. Dissolved in ether and applied to the severest cut, it forms a covering of singular closeness and adhesiveness, protects the wound and excludes atmospheric air, or any irritating matter, so that the process of healing is carried on speedily and effectually; and when all is well, the "protectionist," having done its duty, is removed. So also has Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, we are informed, similarly applied chloroform and gutta percha! This mixrure, in a liquid condition, at about the consistence of fine honey, is kept in a phial or bottle, and when an accident of the kind to which we have refered occurs, it is simply poured upon the wound; the chloroform instantly evaporates, and the gutta percha remains a perfectly flexible second skin, over the injured part preserving it for weeks if necessary, without the need of dressing, bandages, or any other appliance, till there is no more occasion for this admirable agent. When we call to mind the much human pain that will thus be alleviated, how many cures effected where hitherto there have been danger and uncertainty, and how a number of surgical operations will be simplified, it may not be considered too much to rank such inventions among the most valuable that could be discovered and applied for the benefit of mankind.—*London Literary Gazette.*

SICKNESS AT SING SING.—The *Hudson River Chronicle*, published at Sing Sing, says:—

"We have no disposition to withhold from the public the fact that the Summer complaint, which now prevails in this section of country exists to an alarming extent at the Sing Sing Prison, where it is attended with very malignant features. The physician and officers of the Prison stand by their posts manfully, and are doing everything in their power to arrest the disease, and save the lives of those already attacked.

Mr. Niel, the Agent for Hodgkiss & Smith, is the only person connected with the Prison, who has yet died with this complaint. He was buried on Sunday last, and we learn from his friends that in his case the disease never yielded to the most powerful medical prescriptions. Considering the great number of convicts who have been attacked, the deaths are comparatively few. At one time 75 were on sick beds, with 125 applications from other patients, some of whom have since been taken to the hospital and others cured.

Mary Elizabeth Wells, a little daughter of the Warden, died with the same complaint on Wednesday last. On the day she was taken sick she had visited the female prison as she was daily in the practice of doing, to carry nourishment to the sick. We will not undertake to say the disease is contagious, but from the above fact, and other circumstances, we deem it our duty to caution the public against visiting either prison during the prevalence of the disease.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF AN UNDERGROUND COUNTERFEITERS' DEN.—A strange discovery was accidentally made on Wednesday last, at an ancient house in the town of Brighton in the vicinity of Worcester Railroad, at the "Cambridge Crossing," so called. As a Mr. Howard, the present occupant of the house, was at work in his cellar, the earth partially gave way and brought to light a room of some twelve feet in depth, with plank sides and top. The roof of this underground den was about four feet below the surface, and was entered by a trap door and a pair of steps. This much of the general appearance of things was ascertained, and the removal of the earth which has caved in will, without doubt, bring to light more particulars of this curious affair. Mr. Howard was enabled, by a partial breaking away of the planking, to hook out several kegs from the room, one of which was about half full of counterfeit American half dollars, all of the date of 1833. Attached to the keg was what is supposed to have been a machine for polishing the coin. A sack in which to deposit tools was also got out. The house has been visited by hundreds since the accidental developments. The room is, we learn, to be thoroughly examined. Of course there are a thousand rumors rife in the neighborhood as to this wonderful discovery.

The house, nearly a century old, has long had the reputation (no doubt purposely produced by the counterfeiters) of being haunted. It was formerly inhabited by a mariner named Brown whose ship foundered at sea, and all on board perished. It is also stated that a black man, a servant in the house, disappeared many years ago, and is supposed to have been murdered.—*Boston Traveller.*

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The annual session of the Hudson River Association of Universalists, for 1848, will be held in the city of Hudson, the first Wednesday and following Thursday (6th and 7th) of September. The Council will convene Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and public services commence at half past ten. Br Davis was appointed to preach the occasional Sermon. Br Waggoner will deliver a discourse during the meeting, upon the subject of Sunday Schools.

It is confidently expected that every society, (as it is its duty and privilege) will be duly represented. Let us have a full delegation; and then the regular business of the session, besides many very important subjects, which it is expected will appear in the Council, will be likely to be properly done, and rightly disposed of; for "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." We hope to secure the safety by having the presence and counsel of *two delegates from each society within our bounds.* Shall we have them? Ministers and friends generally are invited to be with us, and participate in the joys of the occasion. Shall we have the pleasure, as it is our earnest desire, of greeting our ministering brethren of New York city, at this meeting?" "The south should hold not back."

J. A. Aspinwall, *Standing Clerk.*

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

Agreeable to an adjournment, the United States Convention of Universalists, will hold its next annual session in the city of Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st days of September, 1848.

At the last session of this body, Rev. Moses Ballou was appointed to deliver the next Occasional discourse. Rev. O. A. Skinner, Wm. S. Balch and T. B. Thayer were appointed a committee to mature some plan for securing uniformity of ministerial fellowship throughout our denomination, and report at the next session. Revs. H. Ballou, 2d and T. Whittemore were appointed a committee to collect facts in relation to the early meetings of this Convention, to be appended to our records, and report at the next session.

J. M. Austin, *Stand. Clerk.*

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The 'Connecticut Convention of Universalists,' will hold its annual session at Stamford, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in August, 23d and 24th instant. The Council will be organized in the Church at 9 o'olock, A. M.—The occasional Sermon will be delivered by Br. L. C. Browne.

Delegates—*Hartford Association*, T. P. Abell, A. L. Loveland, J. J. Twiss, (clerical); J. B Clark, Poquonock. O. Utley, Middletown, J. S. Rice, Hartford, Truman Allen, Granby, Wheelock Thayer, Winstead, J. B. Carpenter, Berlin, (lay.)

Quinnebaug Association, T. Borden 2d., T. J. Greenwood, D. P. Livermore, (clerical); Wm. Kelly, Chas. Tracy, Norwich, M. B. Harvey, Stafford, D. A. Redfield, New London, J. Clarke, Lebanon, A. Smith, Bolton, (lay.)

Southern Association, S. S. Fletcher, G. Glover, T. Elliot, (clerical); I. Ambler, Danbury, D. J. Northrop, Newtown, H. Dikeman, Stratford, S. H. Keeler, Westport, J. C. Peck, Bridgeport, B. J. Daskam, Stamford, (lay.)

Per order, W. A. Stickney, Stand. Clerk.

NOTICE.

The North Branch Association of Universalists will hold its annual session at Sheshequin, Bradford Co. Pa., on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, 20th and 21st.

Those who wish to see one of the most beautiful valleys—the "*Universalia*" of the "*Pro and Con*"—as well as to enjoy a good meeting, will please make us a visit on the above mentioned days, and they may rest assured of a hearty welcome, and that no pains will be spared to render their stay with us pleasant and agreeable. Come friends, one and all—foes too—and those from a distance will call two doors north of the Church where they will find a committee in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment.

Ministering brethren!—*Don't forget us.* We shall look for you "hard" and do not wish to be disappointed. S. J. G.

N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body adjourned to meet on Wednesday, October 11th, at such place as may be designated by the Standing Clerk. Any friends desirous of having the Association meet with them, will please address the subscriber.

Thos. B. Thayer, *Standing Clerk.*

Brooklyn, August 7, 1848.

MARRIED.

At Coleman's Hotel, in Troy, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, Mr. L. S. Smith, to Miss Melissa Farnham, both of Mass.

At the same time, by the same, Mr. Henry G. Williams, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Julia S. Smith of Westfield, Mass.

DIED.

In Albany, Aug 1. Elizabeth, daughter of Martin and Esther Deming, aged 17 years.

This was a beautiful and amiable young lady; one very dearly beloved, not only by her parents and kindred generally, but by a large circle of associates and friends. Her death is most deeply deplored; but may all who mourn be comforted and sustained by divine grace. The funeral was attended on the 2d idst. by Br. Waggoner of Troy, who administered the words of Gospel peace.

In Stephentown, Aug. 5, Joseph S. Swan, aged about 29 years.

The death of this young man created some excitement in the neighborhood where he died. He had, while lived professed to believe in Universalism, and it was thought when he was taken sick, and when he was told he must die soon, that he would renounce his faith; but contrary to their expectations, he died in the triumph of his faith, and requested Br. Waggoner, of Troy, to attend his funeral. The funeral was held at the Baptist Church in Stephentown, on the 8th, and was attended by a large concourse of people, to whom Br. Waggoner preached, assisted in the services by Br. Bulkeley of New York.—*Com.*

On the 2d. inst., in Wallpack, Sussex Co. N. J., Sylvanus Augustus, infant son of Elizabeth and Philip J. Smith.

Hark, what joy is now resounding
'Mong the cots of yon bright vale!
From each lip, what bliss is sounding,
God's fresh gift of life to hail.

List! the stillness only broken
Now, by mournful notes of grief—
Grief that burns, by hot tears spoken,
That the life's stay was so brief.

Born on earth, then quick in Heaven!
Shunned all thrills of earthly woe;
What with anguish to be riven
Thy pure spirit ne'er will know. G. H. D.

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